Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why ſhould we goe in.
My friend *Stephen*, ſignifie / pray you
vvithin the houſe, your miſtres is at hand,
and bring your muſique foorth into the ayre.
How ſweet the moone-light ſleepes vpon this banke,
heere will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſique
creepe in our eares ſoft ſtilnes, and the night
become the tutches of ſweet harmonie:
ſit *Ieſſica*, looke how the floore of heauen
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the ſmalleſt orbe which thou beholdſt
but in his motion like an Angell ſings,
ſtill quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
ſuch harmonie is in immortall ſoules,
but whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
dooth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
vvith ſweeteſt tutches pearce your miſtres eare,
and draw her home with muſique. *play Muſique.*

Ieſſi. I am neuer merry when I heare ſweet muſique.

Loren. The reaſon is. your ſpirits are attentiue:
for doe but note a wild and wanton heard
or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loude,
vvhich is the hote condition of their blood,
if they but heare perchance a trumpet ſound,
or any ayre of muſique touch their eares,
you ſhall perceaue them make a mutuall ſtand,
their ſauage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
by the ſweet power of muſique: therefore the Poet
did faine that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods.
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh hard and full of rage,
but muſique for the time doth change his nature,
the man that hath no muſique in himſelfe,
nor is not moued with concord of ſweet ſounds,
is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoiles,

the motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Terebus*:
let no ſuch man be truſted: marke the muſique.

Enter Portia and Nerriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
how farre that little candell throwes his beames,
ſo ſhines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone ſhone we did not ſee the candle?

Por. So dooth the greater glory dim the leſſe,
a ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King
vntill a King be by, and then his ſtate
empties it ſelfe, as doth an inland brooke
into the maine of waters: muſique harke.

Ner. *It* is your muſique Madame of the houſe?

Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect,
me thinks it ſounds much ſweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence beſtowes that vertue on it Madam?

Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the Larke
vvhen neither is attended: and I thinke
the Nightingale if ſhe ſhould ſing by day
vvhen euery Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
no better a Muſition then the Renne?
How many things by ſeaſon, ſeaſond are
to their right prayſe, and true perfection:
Peace, how the moone ſleepes with Endimion,
and would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
or *I* am much deceau'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cuckoe
by the bad voyce?

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bin praying for our husbands welfare,
vvhich ſpeed we hope the better for our words:
are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
but there is come a Meſſenger before
to ſignifie their comming?